



TO FIDESSA.

SONNET I. *Fertur*

Portunam Fortune favere J&renti.



FIDESSA fair ! long live a happy
 maiden ! Blest from thy
 cradle, by a worthy
 Mother, High-thoughted, like to
 her, with bounty
 laden, Like pleasing grace
 affording, one and
 other. Sweet model of
 thy far renowned Sire!
 Hold back a while thy ever-giving hand! And
 though these free penned lines do nought
 require
 (For that they scorn at base Reward to
 stand), Yet crave they most, for that they
 beg the least!
 Dumb is the message of my hidden
 grief, And store of Speech by silence is
 increased ;
 O let me die, or purchase some relief!
 Bounteous FIDESSA cannot be so cruel
 As for to make my heart, her Fancy's
 fuel!